OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 16. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, July 7, 1910. Number 15.

THE BOY THAT "DIDN'T CARE'

Jack, shall I tell you his other name? well we will call it Bundy for short. Jack Bundy was a stout ruddy faced chap with a lot of Brown freckles sprinkled over his face and a wide smile that showed a set of broad white teeth like grains of white flint corn. Jack was not a vicious boy but lazy, oh so lazy! and he was one of the boys that "always wanted his share," and had a great aversion to real down right hard work to get it. His pet expression was, when told about his indolent habits, and the trouble he would have coming to him "well I don't care! I'll skin through somehow."

When Jack was about twelve years old his father, who was a poor man, and dependent upon a small salery as the gardener on the estate of a very rich man, was taken ill with malarial fever and died, leaving his mother and four children, with only a small four room house and two acres of land, on which to scratch out a living, and with barely two hundred dollars in ready cash, after paying the funeral expenses. Mrs. Bundy was a small but active and energetic woman, full of vim and not disposed to repine at what could not be helped, she was also a woman of strong convictions and true Christian character and her children had been early taught, that "God helped those that helped themselves," and she claimed the guidance and protection of Him who has promised to be "a father of the fatherless and husband of the widow."

Calling her three little girls and Jack to prayers, on the morning after the funeral, she explained to them their exact situation. "Now Mabel" said she to the oldest of her three girls "you are my main dependence, with the sewing and house work, and you must help me to teach Lois and Ruby for you are now quite fourteen years old and have had good schooling for your years. Jack, you are my man and you can help me in my garden, with the cow, and in selling the vegetables."

We are poor my children but these two acres, and our cow, and our needles girls must win our living."

With tearful voice did Mrs. Bundy invoke a fathers blessing upon their united efforts to win that living, and the little group that gathered around their table in the room that was kitchen, sitting room, and dining room; indeed the living room in which they spent the greater part of their time.

They had barely finished their frugal meal, and washed up the breakfast thinus, when there came a knock at the door, and little Ruby, (who was as quick in her movement as a little squirrel) darted to the door to see who the visitor might be.

The messenger was Michael Stout, the coachman who had for long years driven the carriage for John Bundy's old employer Colonel Archibald Green; and he knew all the Bundy children well.

"Good mornin' lassie," said Michael "is moomie at home?"

"Yes Mr. Michael, come right in, mother, here is Mr. Michael."

"Good mornin' marm, I hope you are feeling well marm."

"Oh nothing to brag of Michael, I am weary and sad."

"And well ye might be marm for the loss o' John is goin' to be felt by more than ye, Maister Archibald, he sends me over to say marm,as he would like to see ye this mornin and to bring Jack along with ye."

ANNIE LOUISE COTTAGE

"Very well Michael, we will come, but won't you come in and have a bit of breakfast, we can serve you."

"I thank ye kindly marm, but I had me breakfast at five o'clock and must hurry back now to do some of the jobs your poor man used to do so faithful, so good mornin."

It was a walk of something over a mile to "Orton" the country home of Colonel Green, where, indeed he and his family, spent the greater part of their time. This beautiful estate which was not more than ten miles from the thrifty stirring city of Kannock where the Colonel was the principal owner in large cotton and hosiery mills, and where he had large investments in real estate.

This Colonel Archibald Green, was one of those rare men that had deserved the success that had come to him. With prosperity had come enlargement of heart, a widening of vision, that enables him to realize, that his wonderful accretions of wealth, were entrusted to him as "a steward of the manifold grace of God." Men marvled at his prosperity, wondered still more, at his liberal heart that was always seeking out some worthy object or person that he might give them a helping hand. We find him on this morning that he was expecting Mrs. Bundy and Jack, seated in a big arm chair by his desk in his office in the right wing of his residence looking over the morning mail.

On his knee sat his little grand daughter Phyllis Conway bright and joyous little creature about six years of age.

There was a ring at the front door, and Phyllis, waiting not for Tom the bell boy was at the door and had it thrown wide open before his arrival.

"Come in! Mrs. Bundy, come in Jack! grand pa is in the office come this way," and Phyllis skipped along leading the way.

The kindly old gentleman arose, and met Mrs. Bundy at the door and cordially extending his hand said: "I wish to assure you madam of my sympathy in your great loss for I shall miss John Bundy more than any other man that could have been taken: John was as true as steel."

"And that is not all madam, take a seat and tell me, exactly what your circumstances are?" It was a simple story of poverty that Dorcas Bundy told and the old Colonel's eyes filled with tears as he realized, that while he had paid John Bundy the usual wages for his work he had not paid him for all his faithful service and honest care of everything that had been entrusted to him: indeed honesty is seldom paid for.

"You own two acres of land you say Mrs. Bundy? he inquired.

"Yes sir, just two acres."

"Well I am going to make it ten acres, and as you are almost as good a gardener as John was I am sure we can arrange it so that this land shall yield you a good living."

"Now as to the children Mabel and Jack ought to be at school at least a while longer, Lois and Ruby are still young enough to wait a while."

"Oh sir! I know not how I can get along without Mabel and Jack at home. Jack must work the garden, and Mabel must help me sew, she can run a machine as well as I can."

"I admire your spirit of independence madam, but now is the making time for these children, and they must go to school, if you wish them to attain high usefullness as man and woman: let me do a little planning. Mabel must go to the high school at Lanark, she can come and go by rail every day, and I will pay all her expenses. I wish Jack to come here and be my office boy for a while so that I may see what sort of stuff is in him, I will pay him certain wages that will more than board and clothe him. Meanwhile I have hired another gardener and it shall be part of his, and his helpers duty, to cultivate your ten acres under your direction. I know that you have already a good garden on a small scale, for John was a great hand to fix up things about him."

"Yes sir! our little garden is already a great help and you are so good, to these poor fatherless children Colonel! I don't know how to thank you."

"You owe me no thanks madam, I am just paying a debt; John was the best man in my employ and I am going to see that his children have a fair start in life. Now madam I have something more to propose, you know my widowed daughter Mrs. Ruth Conway and her six children live with me; this is their home, and as their mother keeps house for me in this large establishment she has little time for sewing. I wish you to consent to being seamstress for this little crowd of rough and tumbled children, and I am very sure this will give you quite enough to do. Your salery shall be ample for all your needs you can live at home and you will have no worry or care as to how you are to live, how does this suit you?"

"My prayer uttered only this morning Colonel is answered. I asked our Heavenly Father to show me the way, and he has abundantly provided for me. I gladly accept your kind offer and may God bless you for all this kinkness."

As Mrs. Bundy and Jack walked along the shady lane from Orton to their little cottage the good mother spoke very earnestly to the boy.

"Now Jack," she said "I have but one fear for you."

"And what is that Mammie?"

"It is your laziness Jack, Colonel Archibald Green hasn't a lazy bone in his body, and he can't and wont abide laziness, you will just have to get up and hustle, when he sends you any where, move just like a pack of wolves were after ye. Don't lointer by the way."

"Oh mommie! I guess I'll skin through somehow, the Colonel wont be very hard on a fellow."

"My son! don't ever let me hear you say that again. Do you just want to 'skin through' as you say?"

"Well, I'd rather 'skin through' than not get through at all."

"Jack! Jack! the boy or man who just 'skins through,' never amounts to much. If that is what you are aiming at keep away from Colonel Archibald Green, it would be a big disgrace for such a man as that to turn you off."

"Oh mommie! you take life too serious, I shall get on with the Colonel all right, if I aint always a hustling like you do."

"I don't know about that Jack, Colonel Green has been a hustler all his life, and see what he has done. You'll find out son, that 'life is serious, life is earnest.'"

"Well mommie, I don't want to be serious before my time, but I am going to try to please Colonel Green for I like him."

Several weeks passed Mabel had begun school, and was getting on well in her studies, Jack had begun his duties at Orton and thus far had given satisfaction, although he was not as energetic as he might have, been he for had not quite realized how close Colonel Green was watching him, and he was not yet really growing in efficiency.

One morning about two months after Jack had taken his position, the Colonel called him into his private office and said, "Jack, I am going to send you into Lanark with my horse and buggy on a very important piece of business; It is too late now to go by train and you must get to the bank before two o'clock, and give this letter to the cashier Mr. Homer Bland; it is now just ten o'clock, and you have plenty of time." Jack thought this was fine fun! a drive into town all by himself, and with the pet horse of "the boss," so off he dashed at full speed, reaching the edge of the city just as a huge circus parade was forming. Now Jack had never seen a circus, and here was a golden opportunity. Forgetting all about his business errand, Jack followed the procession through street after street until they reached the show ground, then finding a good place to tie the horse he took the last fifty cents he had, and entered the spacious tent. He had never seen anything like it before. The music, the grand entry with a ring full of spangled riders on horse back, spotted men called clowns, the elephants, lions, tigers, bears, the accrobats, rope dancers. He tried to take it all in and it was nearly five o'clock before the show was over, and the vast crowd begun to pour out of the tent bringing him to his senses, and to realize that he had failed in performing the first great trust his employer had committed to him. Panic stricken, he rushed through the crowd and reached the place where he had tied his horse, but found that someone had driven the handsome horse and buggy away, leaving him without conveyance, alone in a large city, and with no money. He felt in his pocket to see if the package he was to deliver at the bank was safe, and was comforted to find it there; and his first thought was to go to the bank, see Mr. Homer Bland, deliver the package, and make confession of his failure in duty. On his way to the bank he passed a Livery stable, and his quick eye discovered among the vehicles in front the buggy belonging to Colonel Green, and walking inside he soon found the horse quietly munching his corn in one of the stalls.

Just as he was walking out of the stable a large man, dressed in blue, with a baton in his hand, and a star on his breast touched him on the shoulder saying "hold on my little man, I want a word with you."

Jack knew but little about policemen but he intuitively knew, this man to be an officer of the law. "Where do you belong and what are you doing in Lanark?"

Jack was thoroughly frightened at being thus accosted by an officer of the law and answered in trembiing voice "I belong over at Orton sir, and I want to find Mr. Homer Bland at the bank."

"What time did you get here? and don't you know the bank has closed for to-day?" "I got here about twelve o'clock but thought it wouldn't be any harm to see the show, before goin' to the bank. Cant I see Mr. Bland if I go to the bank, would'nt you please sir go with me?"

"You should have gone to the bank first you little rascal and not have tied that horse up yonder to starve. I saw him there, and knowing it was Colonel Green's horse, brought him here and had him fed. I think a good switchin would do you a power o' good."

"Oh sir! I didn't mean any harm, I never saw a circus before in all my life, and now I want to give this man, Mr. Bland, this package and I shall hurry home and tell the Colonel all about it, he wont be as hard on me as you are sir."

"Well, come along, and we will see if we can find Mr. Bland." And the policeman, who was more gruff in manner than he was at heart led the way toward "the National Bank of Lanark."

Knocking at a side door our Policeman Barney Flinn, was not long in getting a reponse for Mr. Homer Bland came to the door himself. "Ho Barney!" he exclaimed "whom have you here? and what can I do for you?"

"This little chap have a package for ye Mr. Bland, from Colonel Green. The little rascal has been in town all day but

[Continued on page four.]

A VIEW FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

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Thursday, June 7, 1910.

A TAR HEEL NEED NOT EMIGRATE.

We believe that Daniel Webster was credited with saying that "New Hahpshire was a good State to move away from." At least Daniel thought so, judging from his actions, for while he begun his political life in New Hampshire entering Congress in 1813, he removed to Boston Massachusetts, and the remainder of his life, body and brain, was given to the enrichment of that State.

North Carolina has given Govnors, judges, senators, congressmen, lawyers, doctors, professors, by the score to other statesand the old mother is still giv:ng; But why should her sons leave her soil? We ask do our sons find a greater opportunity elsewhere? We answer no. Is it farming you wish to follow? Then staywhere you are for North Carolina offers more diversity of soil, climate, and choice of crops than you will find elsewhere, all things considered. In the cotton belt we have a climate that matures the crop and all through the counties of Harnett, Cumberland, Robeson, Bladen, Scotland, Anson, Union [illegible] by, leany farmers get two crops a year from the same land.

Do you want to truck, go to the Chadbourne, Faison, Maxton, Laurinburg sections, and here, you would get results that would astonish a Western trucker. The soil is productive and very responsive to any help you may give it. Chadburne is the home of the berry industry, think of 2000 acres in strawberries alone, within a radious of ten miles of Chadburne and Whiteville.

Do you wish to grow fruit? just spend a little money, and take a trip to Southern Pines and see that wonderful peach orchard belonging to J. Van Lindley of Greensboro N. C. and see how he does it. Do you say "I have no money to start anything," why the savings of a years labor will buy you a few chickens, and pigs; and you can go into the raising of fowls and hogs for profit.

There is nothing when given proper attention, that pays better than a chicken ranch.

Take the whole list of industries from tilling the soil to banking and manufacturing and we contend that North Carolina offers her sons greater opportunities than they can find anywhere else they may go.

Sons of old North Carolina stand by the old sod and make us rich with your brain and brawn.

You are learning in our schools and colleges, how to do it, dont go to the far North West or South-west and carrying all your rich store of knowledge and energy go to work, to build up some other state. You don't have to.

ABOUT BOYS.

PART IV.

We shall now consider the Indifferently good boy. He is the kind of boy that is good or bad, according to his environment, much depending upon his immediate associates.

With a fast set he follows, but under a mild protest. He has conscience enough to know exactly what is the right thing to do, but has not grit to say no, at the crucial moment, and so often gets into trouble. Such a boy as this, needs a strong tender mother, who will get hold of his heart strings; and should he be in so sad a condition as to be motherless, he enters into life under great disadvantage; and sadly needs the love and sympathy of some good mother, who can enter into his troubles as an adviser and friend, and lead his wayward steps aright.

One of the most important offices in an Orphanage is that of Matron. We need womanly fingers to mend, darn, sew, and keep in order our boys and girls; but we want tender womanly hearts, "to feel another's woe," and to prove friends in need, to our tempted ones, who have no mother's breast on which they can pillow their throbbing heads, and troubled hearts.

Especially does the indifferently good boy need mothering, for he generally has a warm heart and an impulsive nature. Easy to go astray, he is also easy to lead back, and he is in great measure lead by his likes, and dislikes by the one who gets nearest to his heart. Can an impulsive boy build up a substantial character? We are quite sure that he can, if he be put in proper training, and has proper environment. Such boys are not to be driven but led, and once get into their hearts "the expulsive power of a new affection," and you drive out evil tendencies; awake new desires; and thus begin a character building upon a sure foundation.

Many a wayward boy has gone to the bad, for lack of love, sympathy and helpful advice, and many promising boys, have become stalwart men of honor, by the loving sympathy and faithful teaching of some dear woman, whose gentle heart mothered them, and gave them to feel, "your success is my joy." Let us have great hope of the Indifferently good boy; let us try to get at the best that is in him: for from such material, under the grace of God, men are made, that shall be leaders in all that makes for good in our country.

THE MILLER MANN WEDDING.

We do not often have the pleasure of printing an elaborate account of the wedding of one of our "old boys," so we take delight in giving The Landmark's account of the Miller-Mann wedding which took place in Statesville on Tuesday the 28th of June.

Rev. J. Oscar Mann is a most worthy son of old Barium Home, and we are proud of him, and of the record he is making as a young preacher.

Few young men have had more honor than he, for he is pastor elect of old Tinkling Spring Church, Va., a pulpit that has been filled by Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, Rev. Dr. G. B. Strickler, and Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Finley. It is a church of few pastorates, but all of the very best.

We wish the young couple a long life of joy and usefulness.

TUESDAY EVENING'S MARRIAGE.

Miller-Mann Nuptials a Pretty and Artistically Arranged Affair.

A pretty and artistically arranged wedding took place Tuesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Miller, on Mulberry street, when their second daughter, Miss Mary Euphemia Miller, became the bride of Rev. John Oscar Mann. The handsome Miller home was unusually attractive in a wealth of flowery garniture. The color scheme of pink and white was beautifully carried out in sweet peas and pink roses.

The relatives and close friends of the family, to the number of 50, who were bidden to witness the ceremony, were met at the door by Mrs. R. N. Hackett, Miss Rose Stephany and Mr. Grier Miller. In front of the bay window in the parlor an improvised altar was arranged. The arch above was decorated with evergreens, from which hung curtains of smilax. On each side were white graduateu pedestals bearing ferns, palms and silver candelbra, holding white shaded candles. Suspended from the arch was a horseshoe of white sweet peas. In front of all was a white railing. A musical programme preceded the ceremony. Miss Mary Lois Miller sang in her clear soprano voice, "As the dawn." Mrs. M. C. Wood and Mrs. A. P. Steele sang in beautiful accord, "O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," and then Mrs. Wood sang a delightful solo, "In Loveland." Miss Rose Shuford skillfully played the accompaniments.

Mr. Will Bell began the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March as Rev. J. H. Pressly advanced and stood underneath the arch. Next came the little flower girl, Miss Florence Miller, gowned in pink and carrying pink sweet peas. Following came the dame of honor, Mrs. Sherwood Bonner, in white crepe de chine with lace and pearl trimmings, carrying a shower bouquet of sweet peas. Next followed the groom with his best man, Mr. Crawford Phillips, of Rockingham. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Marie Long, in pink chiffon over messaline, and carrying pink roses. Following her was the little ring-bearer, Master Sherwood Bonnor, in white serge, bearing the ring in a tiny sweet pea basket. Last of all came the lovely bride, on her father's arm. Her pure type of beauty was greatly enhanced by a costume of unusual richness. The gown of crepe meteor, made en train, with a double skirt, and fitted to perfection, [illegible] ed on yoke, sleeves and in front with princess lace and bore a handsome corsage ornament of silver and pearls. The long tule veil was draped over the hair with orange blossoms and caught over the long train with a spray of the same blossoms. The bride carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, surrounding orchids. In an impressive ceremony the marriage was soon consummated and the benediction pronounced, when all the assembly collected about the happy pair to offer congratulations.

In a reception which followed, some 200 more friends gathered to present their greetings. The bridal pair left on the 10:22 train for the west, whence they will go to their future home, Tinkling Spring, Va., where Mr. Mann will have charge of the old historic Presbyterian church of that place, which has for nearly two centuries stood as a beacon light in that entire neighborhood and has cast an influence for good over many congregations, while its pulpit has been filled by some of America's most illustrious names.

The large number of wedding gifts and their richness and variety was evidence of the popularity of the young people.

Rev. J. H. Pressly of Statesville, N. C., preached for us at Little Joe's Church on last Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. There was a large congregation present and the sermon held the attention of the smallest child from beginning to end. His subject was "The Fishing Scene," in Luke 5:5. He pictured Peter's lack of faith in the letting down the net, but his swift obedience to Christ's command. The wonderful catch of fish, and then the effect of this miracle upon Peter, who confessed his unworthiness, and cried out: "I am a sinful man O Lord." Our children always enjoy Mr. Pressly and get something to remember from his preaching.

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OUR FATHERLESS ONES

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

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HOME HAPPENINGS.

Miss Shellem, a new matron, is expected this week to take charge of Synods Cottage.

Mrs. Arey of Elmwood (the mother of Mrs Walker) is visiting the Home and seem to enjoy the lively company of our young people.

Ovid Pullen and Herbert Gibson (two of our old boys) paid us a flying visit this week—the sight of them is always a welcome one.

Cameron McLean (one of our old boys) is on a visit to the home and is looking well. He is living at Troy, Montgomery Co, and is connected with "The Montgomrian" the leading paper of the County.

Miss Leola Thom of Greensboro N. C. having accepted the position of Stenographer—in Our Office, has arrived and assumed her duties, she will prove a great help to Bro. Walker in his work.

We have a new boy Barney Gardner who was brought to us by his Grandmother Mrs. Annie O' Conner of Mooresville, N. C. Barney seems to be a good mixer and is getting acquainted with the little fellows at Synods Cottage.

We have ten acres in cotton that some of our small farmers are cultivating. The grass has been getting ahead of them but they now have "General Green" on the run, and we look for a complete victory.

We are glad that Laura McConnell, and Lottie Arey Walker, both passing through fever, are getting on comfortably: Temperature lower—and seem holding up well. We hope soon to report them as convalescent.

Mr. H. M. Wagner who worked for us at the Home in the spring, was taken ill with erysipelas, and died at Troutman on Wednesday June 29th. His funeral took place at St. Martin's Church on Thursday June the 30th.

By the departure of Frank Carriker, and Robert Turner, for their July vacation our printing office force is cut half in two. We have now only Jim Gray, and Ashley Jackson, of course this handicaps us a little, but we will manage to pull through on time each week we hope.

Our friend Mr. John Pharr of Charlotte—also a warm friend of Barium Home, is spending a few days at "The Lodge," that he may get the benefit of rest, and the medicinal virtures of Barium water—he knows. He is delighted with his surroundings and his little nephew Fred—thinks he has got to the promis land.

We have seasonable rain, and the belated cotton is beginning to "get more on it," and with good seasons will make right along. Our corn is looking fine, and the potatoes are—as our boys say—"just a growin." Old mother Earth is doing her part by us, and our boys are working well: the orchard is also giving good results this year.

We welcome, as we always do, Ovid Pullen, who comes to spend a few days with us. We now look for some good fishing in third creek, for the fish have had somewhat of a rest since Ovid left us in the days gone by. Our boys are planning lots of fun during the holidays, and when they get a leader like Ovid they are as happy as "a clam in high tide."

We have a card from Mrs. M. S. Morrison, Route 2, Harrisburg, N. C., stating that the ladies of that vicinity would fill 50 fruit jars for the Home and asking that we send the jars. Of course we will, and we are very grateful to those good people. Now, "Who will be the next?" There is a great abundance of fruit in the country, and how good it would be, to have our store room filled by kind friends, so that in winter time our children can enjoy a taste of Home preserves.

We have had a most enjoyable visit from Mr. Henry Cook of Davidson and he has made a warm place in the hearts of our boys, for he has taught them a number of athletic tricks, that we shall see reproduced all the summer. Mr. Cook goes from Barium to Brunswick and Savannah Ga. to visit relatives, and we wish him a most delightful time. When he takes a dip in the deep blue sea may he think of us, as we swelter under a July sun, and enjoy the sea breeze from third creek.

Our Lees Cottage boys had a grand time last Wednesday afternoon and night, on a camping expedition to Sherrell's Ford. Is there anything a boy enjoys so much as a regular rough and tumble time? they never then kick at rations, a bed in the sand or mud is simply delicious, the bite of a tick is thoroughly enjoyable, and you have the pleasure of pulling him off and scratching, afterwards. Farmer Bailey took charge of the boys and he enjoyed the comfortable discomfort as much as any of them. They carried plenty of rations, and were to have a regular camp fire and bile coffee, all of which was done. How eagerly they scrambled up the steep hill sides and gathered fuel for the fire, got water for coffee, and made ready for a regular time. What fun there was in bathing, ducking each other, fighting water battles and splashing around generally. Not content with bathing themselves, the boys took the mules into the river, and gave them a good scrubbing. The fish caught were not numerous but very tasty. Albert Massey claimed having caught the first fish, and Ovid Pullen (one of our old boys) found a decendent of old friends he knew in schoolboy days, for he caught the second fish. Bert Massey was good at getting nibles, but they generally proved to be Terrapins or mud Turtles. Back again they are a sleeply tired looking lot, and say they had "the best time ever." Who wouldn't camp out if he hasn't lost the art of being young.?

We have passed another 4th of July. To the American boy that used to mean a big dinner: tubs full of lemonade, plenty of pop crackers, and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, together with a brass band, and unlimited speachmaking. Today there is less demonstration all over the South than formerly, but no part of this land is more loyal to all that the Declaration of Independence stands for, than the South today. Doubtless in many of our cities military companies had their time honored 4th of July dinners, and some of the young people have celebrated some-what in the old way, but in the country, we would hardly have known that on this day over 200 years ago, a nation was born. Don't let our young people forget this day; it will always deserve honor from the children who have inherited so great a boon, as American Citizenship.

We clip the following notice from The Statesville Landmark which tells us that our most worthy Dairyman, Mr. J. W. Cloer, and his good wife have now to open their hearts to receive a new daughter. Their son Jay Thomas Cloer having married Miss Lena Judson of Taylorsville on Saturday evening the 25th. We wish them all happiness.

Miss Beulah Lena Judson, of Taylorsville, and Mr. Jay Thomas Cloer, railway postal clerk between Charlotte and Taylorsville, were married in Statesville Saturday night. The ceremony took place about 9 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lackey, on Bost street, Rev. C. E. Maddry officiating. Only a few intimate friends of the couple witnessed the ceremony. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Cloer drove to the railway station, where they were showered with rice and good wishes as they boarded the westbound train. After a few days in Asheville and other points in the mountains they will return to Taylorsville, where they will make their home.

The marriage was a great surprise to the friends of the couple. It was planned as such and took place in Statesville for that purpose. Miss Judson, accompanied by Miss Grace Ingram and Mrs. Ida Carson, of Taylorsville, came to Statesville on the evening train Saturday on the pretense of visiting friends here, the arrangements for the marriage having been previously made. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Janie Judson, of Taylorsville, and is a worthy young woman. She has for some time held a position in the store of O. F. Poole. Mr. Cloer is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cloer formerly of the vicinity of Statesville, now of Barium, and is popular with his associates.

The sad ending of the late James W. Wadsworth of Charlotte, has carried sorrow to many hearts, for he was well beloved by those who knew him best. A young man of rare social qualities, he will be sorely missed in a large circle of friends—and in his family there is a void that can never be filled. That one so loving and so beloved—should die by his own hand, is sad, so sad: —and when we remember, that—had he been free from the temptation that was daily presented, through private Vendors of Drink—would have been spared, let us put our feet upon this monster and crush its vile head.

When a great man passes away at least the community in which he has lived, and even the Commonwealth will pause, and pay silent tribute to his memory. Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia is no more. He was well called "The Lame Lion" for in life he had many of the brave Stalwart qualities of the king of beasts." John W. Daniel was badly wounded in four battles, his last wound in battle of "the wilderness" came near causing his death as it severed several arteries, and shattered his left thigh, this wound kept him on crutches all his life. General Jno. B. Gordon called him "the brave and brilliant Daniel," and President E. A. Aldermon of the University of Va. called him "That Spartan man of Integrity." The State of Virginia never refused Jno. Warwick Daniel but one thing he desired. In 1881 he became the Democratic Candidate for governer of Va. The writer most enthusiastically voted for him, but the Mahone influence and Re-adjusterism, defeated him, for once, the people of Va refused to reward unflinching integrity, and ability. They have shown their loyalty to Daniel since, by letting him die in his Senatorial toga. His like is rare, may God send a worthy successor to John Warwick Daniel.

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THE
Statesville Hardware & Harness Co.

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Respectfully,
Statesville Hdw. & H'rn's Co.

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All top doors and frames made of malleable iron—can't break or crack
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MAJESTIC
Malleable and Charcoal Iron
RANGE

Is built on honor, of the best materials—built scientifically—air-tight joints—no heat escapes—no cold air enters—saves half your fuel bill. Hundreds of thousands in use—every one of them giving complete satisfaction. If the MAJESTIC isn't the best range made, why are fifteen manufacturers trying to imitate it? You owe it to yourself to know the MAJESTIC Range. Call and see the different styles at

Lazenby - Montgomery Hdw. Co., Statesville, N C

It should be in your Kitchen

"Our Fatherless Ones," $1 a year.

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Is to be opened the 1st of June and those who desire a quiet restful place, and the use of this healing fountain had better apply early.

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In thousands of cases, especially in all irruptive diseases of skin, scalp or blood, it has proved a specific. Physicians who have seen its action in obstinate cases of Eczema give it their praise.

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R. J. Belk Co., Waxhaw, N. C.
Brown-Belk Bros. Co., Greensboro, N. C.
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If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.

THE BOY THAT "DIDN'T CARE."

[Continued from page one.]

have been takin in the show."

"I have just been phoning out to the Colonel to know about a certain piece of business he should have attended to today and his reply was 'I have sent a special messenger, cannot tell what has become of him, messenger is Jack Bundy, my office boy.' Are you Jack Bundy?" "Yes sir, and here is the package, I hope sir I am not too late."

"But for my having protected the Colonel in this matter, you might have caused him much trouble and a probable loss, boy —give me the package."

"I told him Mr. Bland, I thought a little switchin would do him a power of good, the Colonel's got more faith in boys than I have."

Jack begun to think he had no friends in Lanark and in trembling voice said. "Sure sir, I meant no harm I never saw a show before, and did'nt know they were going to keep me there so long. Please sir, give me something to show that I delivered the package all right, and I will hurry back and take any punishment that the Colonel chooses to give me, I know he will do what's right anyhow."

"Perhaps we are judging you too harshly Jack, but don't you know this might have been a serious matter to your employer?"

He had arranged to pay for a piece of property today before 3 o'clock and the parties were only too anxious to be off with the trade. See what you might have lost him, and all, and all through your thoughtlessness. Here is a letter for Colonel Green, I will add a few lines, to say that I have received his package, and everything has turned out as he wished, but let this be a lesson to you my son, make this your motto 'business first pleasure afterward.' Goodbye, we will let him off this time Barny" and Mr. Bland with a smile shook hands with Jack.

It was with a heavy heart that Jack entered the office at Orton about dark, finding the old Colonel all alone.

Looking up at the sound of his footsteps the old gentleman's face lighted up with a smile, as he said "why Jack! what has kept you so long? nothing serious has happened I hope."

"I don't know what you ought to do to me Colonel for I came near making you lose a trade to-day, but for Mr. Bland, you would have lost it. I am going to tell it all sir and will take any punishment you choose to give. I got to Lanark before twelve o'clock and came right up against a big circus parade as I drove in. I had never seen a circus before sir, and I drove around after it for about an hour and then tied your horse to a hitchin post not far from the tent and went into the show.

I didn't know sir anything about time, and when they broke up it was after five o'clock and your horse was gone. Oh sir! I was scared and a shamed of myself, but in passing a livery stable I saw your buggy, and going inside I found your horse. Just as I was comin' out, a big Policeman tapped me on the shoulder and asked me where I was from? and what I was in Lanark for?

I told him sir, and asked him to go with me around to see Mr. Bland, which he consented to do. I delivered the package and found that Mr. Bland had protected you in that trade, but sir! I deserve punishment of some sort, and that old Policeman said, "a good switchin' would do me a sight of good."

The earnest remorseful tones of Jack were silenced by a most hearty roar of laughter from the Colonel, as he managed finally to say. "Well Jack! we will spare you the switching this time, you have been in the hands of the Police and have had scare enough for one day: We will let it go at that. Now my son, let this days experience teach you one very important lesson. "Never sacrifice duty to pleasure." From that day Jack was never heard to say "I don't care I'll skin through somehow." He grew up into manhood, as his model old Colonel Archibald Green, and became a trusted member of the larger company, in which Colonel Green was the moving spirit.

ABIDING BY THE CONTRACT.

No phase of moral life and no element of personal relation needs more earnest and careful protection than the integrity of a contract. We use the term "contract" in the the sense of of an assumed obligation. A contract may take one of many forms. Every one recognizes the importance of and the necessity for keeping a contract that is "signed," witnessed, and re-enforced by fine or imprisonment in case of violation. Such a contract as this is usually kept' But there are many other contracts that are essentially as important as this one. A contract is an obligation, and with equal truth an obligation is a contract- Let the obligation be what it may, or let it be assumed as it may if definitely accepted by one.it is a contract and demands as careful consideration as a formal, legal contract.

A contract should find its essential value in the fact that a genuine man is behind it, and not in the fact that he is forced to keep it. In other words, the essential bond of a contract is a moral one rather than a legal one. It is an unfortunate comment on humanity that courts of law must stand guard over a contract before the receiving party feels safe.

My contracts are of myself. They are myself expressed, whether verbally or written. Their moral value is my moral value. Their intergrity and worth are my own. If they are worthless and unreliable, it is true simply because they carry the quality and the value of the maker.

Unfortunately there is a woeful disregard of contracts to be observed if one sees everything as it is. To be sure there is an abundance of high regard for obligations. This is not a pessimistic whine. But the point of importance is that there should be found no where anything short of high regard for a contract. Every agency of moral development should be united in reaching this result. There is too much feeble or even negative teaching here.

Many Sunday school students were taught recently that a bad contract should be broken. This was in the study relating to Herod's promise to give Salome her request. Probably this particular promise should have been broken. The fact that it was accompanied by an oath, had nothing to do with its genuine value, either for keeping or breaking. However this may be, the miscellaneous teaching that a "bad contract" should be broken, is positively dangerous. The results of a contract must be serious indeed if they justify breaking it. This becomes the case of accepting the smaller of two evils.

Assumed personal interest is the reef on which many contracts are wrecked. Usually this is an unworthy ground. If slight personal whims or even large personal results are to determine the value of a contract after it has been made, there is likely to be a feeble or dishonest personality involved. The moral value of his obligation is of little account. There may be exceptions, but where?

Last summer quite a number of farmers contracted their cotton before maturity at eleven or twelve cents. Later, when they saw it climbing toward fifteen cents they refused to deliver. A farmer who will do this is simply not genuinely honest. There was little manhood behind the obligations.

There are men who promise to do a certain job of work, or to work for a certain time. The time comes for the work, but the "goods" are not delivered. ask a farmer, a lumberman, or a carpenter, what the consequences are.

Many there are who promise, apparently in good faith, to accept a certain bill of goods, or perhaps it is a book. When the time of delivery arrives they have "decided not to take it."

They that are unjust in that which is least are unjust also in much.

This trait of character, the importance of meeting every obligation, should be taught at home, at school, in church, and certainly in the busiuess world.

Boys and girls should be diligently taught that the foundation stone of genuine character is honesty—honesty that abides by the contract. Character so constructed may swear to its own hurt, but it changeth not.—R. C. D. in The Christian Home.

A FEATHERED TALE

A woman repeated a piece of gossip about a neighbor. It flew from mouth to mouth and soon all the town knew the story, which caused the person affected a great deal of unhappiness.

One day the woman discovered that the tale she told was not true, and in the greatest sorrow she went to the rabbi to ask in what way she could make atonement and repair the wrong she had committed.

The rabbi heard what she had to say, aud he told her to go to the market, have a fowl killed, pluck it on the way home and drop the feathers one by one as she went along.

The woman was surprised at this curious means of atonement, but she did as the rabbi instructed and on the following day came to him again to report that she had carried out his behest. 'Now' said the rabbi "go collect all the feathers and bring them to me."

The woman went along the road she had traversed on the previous day, but she found that the wind had blown the feathers away, and after an all days search she was only able to bring back two or three.

"You see" the rabbi said to her gently, "it was easy to drop the feathers, but it is an almost impossible task to bring them back. So it is with gossip aud slander. It is easy to spread false reports about thy neighbor, but it is impossible to make good the wrong thus committed. Go thy way and avoid gossip."

You see the point, don't you?—Jewish Outlook.

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Neckties the very latest.

Shirts and hosiery that give a man a satisfied feeling when wearing them.

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To shoe the man who knows a shoe
Is but an easy job to do.
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You can find here anything in the way of a shoe from a Brogan to the finest hand-made shoe. TO SEE IS TO BUY.

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All trains depart from Norfolk & Southern Railway Depot, Jones and Johnson Sts., Raleigh, N. C.

Lv Raleigh	* 6 15am	* 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Lv Wilson	8 12am	6 22pm		7 57am
Lv Farmville	9 06am	7 16pm		8 49am
Lv Greenville	9 35am	7 45pm		9 17am
Lv Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Washington	10 30am	ar8 40pm		1 00pm
Lv Mackeys Ferry	12 30pm			5 00pm
Lv Edenton	2 00pm	† 7 45am	* 3 15pm	5 00pm
Ar Elizabeth City	3 00pm	8 55am	4 25pm	6 10pm
Ar Norfolk	4 25pm	10 40am	6 10pm	7 55pm
Lv Raleigh	* 6 15am	* 4 25pm		‡ 6 00am
Ar Chocowinity	10 15am	8 25pm		9 57am
Lv Chocowinity	10 59am		* 5 27pm	10 00am
Ar New Bern	12 10pm		6 40pm	11 10am
Lv Goldsboro		† 7 00am	† 4 20pm	
Lv Kinston		7 55am	5 20pm	
Ar New Bern		9 05am	6 35pm	
Lv New Bern		9 16am	6 45pm	11 15am
Ar Morehead City		10 43am	8 08pm	12 15pm
Ar Atlantic Hotel		10 50am	8 10pm	12 19pm
Ar Beaufort		11 05am	8 25pm	12 30pm

†Daily. *Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

Trains arrive Raleigh 11:27 a. m. and 9:37 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 11:59 p. m., Sunday only.

For further particulars consult Norfolk & Southern folder, or apply to Ticket Agents.

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